THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR.

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"*Where there is no vision, the people perish.*"—PROV. 29: 18.

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THE POWER OF SELF-CONTROL.

MAN'S GROWTH IS IN PROPORTION TO THE EXTENT WHICH HE OVERCOMES HIS EVIL HABITS AND ESTABLISHES GOOD ONES.

MAN has two creators—his God and himself. His first Creator furnishes him the raw material of his life and the laws in conformity with which he can make that life what he will. His second creator—himself—has marvelous powers he rarely realizes. It is what a man makes of himself that counts.

When a man fails in life he usually says, "I am as God made me." When he succeeds he proudly proclaims himself a "self-made man." Man is placed into this world not as a finality—but as a possibility. Man's greatest enemy is—himself. Man in his weakness is the creature of circumstances; man in his strength is the creator of circumstances. Whether he be victim or victor depends largely upon himself.

Man is never truly great merely for what he *is*, but ever for what he may become. Until man is truly filled with the knowledge of the majesty of his possibility, until there comes to him the glow of realization of his privilege to live the life committed to him, as an individual life for which he is individually responsible, he is merely groping through the years.

To see his life as he might make it, man must go up alone into the mountains of spiritual thought as Christ went alone into the Garden, leaving the world to get strength to live in the world. He must there breathe the fresh, pure air of recognition of his divine importance as an individual, and with mind purified and tingling with new strength approach the problems of his daily living.

Man needs less of the "I am a feeble worm of the dust" idea in his theology

and more of the conception "I am a great human soul with marvelous possibilities" as a vital element in his daily, working religion. With this broadening, stimulating view of life, he sees how he may attain his kingship through self-control. And the self-control that is seen in the most spectacular instances in history, and in the simplest phases of daily life is precisely the same in kind and quality, differing only in degree. The control man can attain, if he will; it is but a matter of paying the price.

The power of self-control is one of the greatest qualities that differentiates man from the lower animals. He is the only animal capable of a moral struggle or a moral conquest.

Every step in the progress of the world has been a new "control." It has been escaping from the tyranny of a fact to the understanding and mastery of that fact. For ages man looked in terror at the lightning flash; to-day he has begun to understand it as electricity, a force he has mastered and made his slave. The million phases of electrical invention are but manifestations of our control over a great force. But the greatest of all "control" is self-control.

At each moment of man's life he is either a king or a slave. As he surrenders to a wrong appetite, to any human weakness, as he falls prostrate in hopeless subjection to any condition, to any environment, to any failure, he is a slave. As he day by day crushes out human weakness, masters opposing elements within him, and day by day re-creates a new self from the sin and folly of his past—then he is a King. He is a King ruling with wisdom over himself. Alexander conquered the whole world except—Alexander. Emperor of the earth, he was the servile slave of his own passions.

We look with envy upon the possessions of others and wish they were our own. Ofttimes we feel this in a vague, dreamy way with no thought of real attainment, as when we wish we had King Edward's crown, or Emperor William's self-satisfaction. Ofttimes, however, we grow bitter, storm at the wrong distribution of the good things of life, and then relapse into a hopeless fatalistic acceptance of our condition.

We envy the success of others, when we should emulate the process by which that success came. We see the splendid physical development of Sandow, yet we forget that as a babe and child he was so weak there was little hope that his life might be spared.

We may sometimes envy the power and spiritual strength of a Paul, without realizing the weak Saul of Tarsus from which he was transformed through his self-control.

We shut our eyes to the thousands of instances of the world's successes—mental, moral, physical, financial, or spiritual—wherein the great final success came from a beginning far weaker and poorer than our own.

All men may attain self-control if they only will. They must not expect to gain it save by long, continued payment of price, in small progressive expenditures of energy. Nature is a thorough believer in the installment plan in her relations with the individual. No man is so poor that he cannot *begin* to pay for what he wants, and every small, individual payment Nature stores and accumulates for him as a reserve fund in his hour of need.

The patience man expends in bearing the little trials of his daily life Nature

stores for him as a wondrous reserve in a crisis of life. With Nature, the mental, the physical, or the moral energy he expends daily in right-doing is all stored for him and transmuted into strength. Nature never accepts a cash payment in full for anything—this would be an injustice to the poor and weak.

It is only the progressive, installment plan Nature recognizes. No man can make a habit in a moment or break it in a moment. It is a matter of development, of growth. But at any moment man may *begin* to make or begin to break any habit. This view of the growth of character should be a mighty stimulus to the man who sincerely desires and determines to live nearer to the limit of his possibilities.

Self-control may be developed in precisely the same manner as we tone up a weak muscle—by little exercises day by day. Let us each day do, as mere exercises of discipline in moral gymnastics, a few acts that are disagreeable to us, the doing of which will help us in instant action in our hour of need. The exercises may be very simple—dropping for a time an intensely interesting book at the most thrilling page of the story, jumping out of bed at the first moment of waking, walking home when one is perfectly able to do so, but when the temptation is to take a car, talking to some disagreeable person and trying to make the conversation pleasant. The daily exercises in moral discipline will have a wondrous tonic effect on man's whole moral nature.

The individual can attain self-control in great things only through self-control in little things. He must study himself to discover what is the weak point in his armor, what is the element within him that keeps him from his fullest success. That is the characteristic upon which he should begin his exercise in self-control. Is it selfishness, vanity, cowardice, morbidness, temper, laziness, worry, mind-wandering, lack of purpose?—whatever form human weakness assumes in the masquerade of life he must discover. He must then live each day as if his whole existence were telescoped down to the single day before him. With no useless regret for the past, no useless worry for the future, he should live that day as if it were his only day—the only day left for him to assert all that is best in him, the only day left for him to conquer all that is worst in him. He should master the weak element within him at each slight manifestation from moment to moment. Each moment then must be a victory for it or for him. Will he be King or slave?—the answer rests with him.—W. G. JORDAN.

SKETCHES OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

BY BISHOP EDWIN F. PARRY, RECENTLY OF THE PRESIDENCY OF THE EUROPEAN MISSION.

(*Continued from page 774.*)

IN distributing tracts from door to door a missionary meets with all kinds of people, and, it might be added, with all kinds of receptions. His first day's tracting is generally made memorable by some occurrence which is of a novel character to him. Approaching the first house on the street selected for his field of operation, he timidly knocks at the door. It may be opened by a child, who, on seeing it is a stranger, or at his request, calls its mother

to see what is wanted. She has all sorts of surmises as to whom it may be. If she is expecting the rent collector she hesitates about meeting him as she may be unprepared. If she suspects him to be a peddler or book agent she approaches with a scowl of impatience on her face. Finding he has only a Gospel tract to offer her, and that without cost, she is willing to accept it, but hastens to cut the conversation as short as possible on account of being so busy.

The missionary may meet with a similar reception at a number of places, but sooner or later he is almost sure to have the door closed in his face before he can deliver the message. This kind of treatment may cause his hopes to fall somewhat and his courage to fail him for a moment, but soon his determination is renewed, and his timidity vanishes. He may consider his first visit in tracting fairly successful. By introducing himself as a Latter-day Saint, or merely leaving the tract without further introduction, on his first visit he is looked upon as nothing less than a respectable gentleman.

By the time he calls with a second tract, some of those who received the first will have read it, and without doubt have been deeply impressed with the truth of its teachings; but learning later that the Latter-day Saints are the same people as are commonly called "Mormons," they refuse to investigate further or to have anything to do with such a people. Not because of their doctrines do they shun them, but on account of the prejudice which exists against the Saints. It is indeed astonishing to the young missionary to discover on his second visit how some of those to whom he handed the tracts show their extreme contempt for him and the literature he is circulating. On seeing him at their doors they will at once go and get the tract left the week before, carrying it by one extreme corner, as if afraid of contamination, and push it out to him at arm's length, telling him to never come again to their door. Some have been known to carry the tracts back with a pair of fire tongs, in order to express more effectively their utter abhorrence of everything connected with "Mormonism."

Such are some of the unpleasant features of tracting! but there is a bright aspect to this same avocation. The satisfaction of having performed a most important duty in the service of God gives joy to the heart, no matter how little encouragement one may receive from the people in his labor of tracting from door to door. But often through diligent and prayerful searching a missionary finds those who are willing to listen to his message and testimony, and his visits result in the conversion of precious souls to the great truths that lead to eternal salvation.

A young man who recently filled a mission in Great Britain, one day while distributing tracts felt impressed to call at a certain house and present his message to the inmates. He obeyed the prompting, and was met at the door by the lady of the house. She listened to what he had to say and accepted the tract he offered, but showed no unusual interest in his message. The next time he was in the neighborhood delivering tracts he called again at this particular house. His reception this time was similar to the first one. He called again the third time, and still three more times without meeting with any further encouragement. He received no invitation to go in and converse upon the Gospel, still he retained the impression that there was someone there who would listen to his message. He called the seventh time, and his

perseverance was rewarded with a request to enter the house. The husband was at home, and was in a humor to talk upon religion. He had one request, however, and that was that the missionary confine his teachings to the Scriptures, and prove his assertions from the Bible. He was acquainted with the Scriptures, and was also aware that many professed teachers of the Gospel did not adhere to the word of God as taught in the Bible, hence his desire to hold the Elder to the Scriptures. Of course this was just what the missionary desired, and it did not take him long to convince his friend that the doctrine he advocated was strictly scriptural. The result was the man and his family soon embraced the Gospel. It was what the man had been looking for. He had become dissatisfied with the creeds that he had before heard, and at the time the missionary called at his house he was praying for guidance that he might know what church to unite with.

It frequently happens that a missionary works until nearly discouraged before he discovers any fruits of his labors; but if he will patiently and persistently continue his labors in the field assigned him, he is invariably rewarded for his efforts, as many a one can testify. He may not baptize many, but frequently he may be the means of bringing the truth to some honest soul who is ready to receive it with his whole heart. Where such is the case the Elder feels fully repaid for his work if no other result of his efforts is visible.

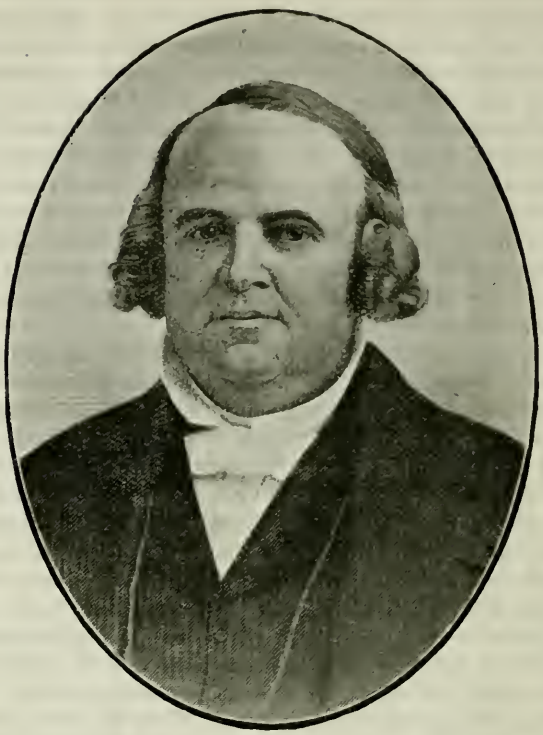
Missionaries are frequently led in a strange way to those who are searching after the truth; and often people of this character are brought into contact with the Elders in a remarkable manner. Not long since some missionaries frequently passed a certain shop or store in the neighborhood of their lodging place. The gentleman who kept the shop, as well as his wife, noticed them pass the door, and recognized that they were Americans. Soon their interest in these strange men was awakened. They did not know that they were ministers of the Gospel, but felt impressed to make their acquaintance. At last the shop-keeper requested his wife to invite them in the next time they passed, stating that he desired to talk with them. His good wife soon saw one of the Elders passing, and she stepped out and asked him if he and his companions would call and have a talk with her husband when they had the time to spare. Of course the missionaries were quite willing to comply with the request. They were looking for opportunities to present their message to the people. When they called to visit the family they explained their business, taught them the Gospel, which the man and his wife gladly accepted; and soon the Elders were made to feel as much at home in their midst as though they had been acquainted for years.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An infidel farmer sent the following letter to the editor of a paper:

"Sir—I have been trying an experiment. I have a field of Indian corn, which I ploughed on Sunday. I planted it on Sunday. I did all the cultivating which it received on Sunday. I gathered the crop on Sunday, and on Sunday hauled it to my barn; and I find that I have more corn per acre than has been gathered by any of my neighbors during this October."

The editor returned the letter with the following "N. B." written at the bottom: "God does not settle all his accounts in October."



PRESIDENT WILLARD RICHARDS.

WILLARD RICHARDS, second counselor to President Brigham Young from 1847 to 1854, was born June 24, 1804, at Hopkinton, Mass. At an early age he made a study of the religions with which he came in contact, and came to the conclusion that the sects were all wrong, and that God had no divinely established church on the earth. In the summer of 1835 he lived in the vicinity of Boston where he practiced medicine. While here a copy of the Book of Mormon fell into his hands, it having been left with one of his relatives by Brigham Young. He read the book through twice in about ten days; and so firm was his conviction of its truth that he immediately decided to go to Kirtland and learn more of the Church there. He was prevented by sickness from going until October, 1836. On December 31 of the same year he was baptized by Brigham Young, and from that date he became an active worker in the Church.

Elder Richards accompanied Heber C. Kimball, Orson Hyde, and others on their mission to England in 1837. Among his fields of labor may be named Bedford, Preston, Manchester, Bolton, and Salford.

In a revelation given through the Prophet Joseph July 8, 1838, Elder Richards was called to be one of the Twelve Apostles, and he was ordained to that office at a council of the Apostles held at Preston, England, April 14, 1840. He returned to Nauvoo in August, 1840. December 13, 1841, he was appointed recorder for the Temple, private secretary to Joseph Smith, and general Church clerk. From this time on he was closely associated with the prophet, making daily entries in his private journal, the last one being a few minutes previous to the prophet's death.

Elder Richards was with Joseph and Hyrum in Carthage Jail on that fatal 27th of June, 1844, when the mobbers thrust their muskets through the open door into the room where the brethren were. Elder Richards for a time parried the weapons with his walking stick. Though his other companion, Elder John Taylor, was severely wounded, Elder Richards escaped without a "hole in his robe."

During the trying times at Nauvoo which followed the martyrdom, most of the Twelve being away, great responsibility rested on Elder Richard's shoulders. After the exodus from Nauvoo, he became one of the first Pioneers under Brigham Young. When the First Presidency was organized in December 1847, he was chosen second counselor in the presidency.

He held a number of civil offices in the territory of Utah. He was post-master of Salt Lake City up to the time of his death, and enjoyed the full confidence of the Post-master General, who respected his judgment touching postal arrangements throughout the mountain Territories. In the quorum of the First Presidency, he magnified his high calling to the day of his death, ever shedding light and consolation, in his sphere, upon the minds of thousands and tens of thousands to whom he ministered. He was for a time the editor and proprietor of the "Deseret News;" also general Historian of the whole Church, and Church recorder, for which offices he was eminently gifted. He chronicled events, dates, circumstances, and incidents with rare accuracy of judgment and great tenacity of memory. The number of offices which he held at the time of his death indicates the confidence which the Church reposed in his great integrity and varied abilities.

That ardent love of truth, and intuitive perception of the same, which impelled him to investigate the claims of the everlasting Gospel in the beginning, grew with his passing years, and became more and more manifest by his unwavering and unflinching adherence to it in the most perilous and troublesome times of the Church history in after life. He possessed a calm and even mind, and yet was rather reserved, and naturally diffident of his own superior ability. This diffidency may have caused the early part of his ministry to be under-valued. From being familiar with the minutiæ of the medical profession and a careful observer of clerical deportment, and quite proficient in science generally, the change that swept over his past attainments and brought him down to the altar of revelation by the Holy Ghost, showed forth the reality of a new birth personified in all his subsequent life. On great and rare occasions, his masterly energies came forth like a well disciplined and invincible troop, that knew their place and prerogative to act in defense of the truth. Beloved and respected by all who knew him, Dr. Willard Richards died in Salt Lake City, March 11, 1854.

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1905.

EDITORIAL

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS AND SUGGESTIONS.

THE Christmas holiday season will soon be here. A merry Christmas and a happy New Year to all the readers of the STAR. We wish you all the pleasure that the season can bring. Latter-day Saints ought to be happy, and we believe they are happy, notwithstanding many of them have had to sacrifice much for the Gospel's sake. But happiness comes from within. Let what may be without, either storm or stress, when the Gospel of Christ brings peace within, then there is joy indeed—there is joy even in being cast out as evil by the world, for then we know that we are not of the world: the world loves its own.

Wherever there is a branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in the British mission, be it large or small, there should be a social gathering during the Christmas holidays. Let the Saints come together and rejoice in each other's society. Invite friends, that they also may partake of the sweet influence of the Spirit of the Lord, and that they may see that true religion makes the heart glad and wreathes the face in smiles. These reunions should be quite informal, so that there can be a shaking of hands and an exchange of words one with the other. Innocent recreations are good. It will perhaps be unnecessary to say that Latter-day Saints should not take part in the usual Christmas custom of indulging in intoxicating drinks—that is so well understood.

It is suggested that, as Saturday next, December 23rd, will be the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of the Prophet Joseph Smith, special mention be made of his life and work in the meetings of the Saints on the Sunday following. It will be quite appropriate to make some special preparation beforehand, both as to speaking and singing, so that the services may be in keeping with the day as it will be observed generally throughout the Church.

The spirit of Christmas is one of peace, good will, and salvation to man; and the mission of the Latter-day Saints is to spread this spirit abroad in the world—this is the Spirit of Jesus, that Mighty One Who came to Bethlehem as a babe, Who visited the American continent after His resurrection, and Who in our day revealed Himself to the Prophet Joseph Smith and

restored again the Gospel to the earth. For all these things the Saints should be thankful, and show their thankfulness, not only in the carols of Christmas time, but in deeds of love and lives of virtue all through the year.

N. A.

NEXT week's STAR will contain a portrait of Joseph Smith the Prophet, and also articles bearing on his life and work written for the STAR by the best writers in the Church. We shall print extra copies, some of which we shall send to the conference presidents. Saints and friends who are working to get new subscribers may apply through the Elders or direct to their presidents for sample copies furnished free, to help them in their work.

FROM THE MISSION FIELD.

Baptisms and District Meeting.—On Saturday evening, December 9th, a baptismal service was held in the Ormean Baths, Belfast, when nine souls were made members of the Church. Elder Alexander Lindsay and President Edward M. Rowe officiated.

Another baptism occurred at Portsmouth on December 10, 1905, Elder George M. Howell officiating. There are now five newly baptized members in this field where a short time ago prospects were very discouraging.

A young man was baptized at Uttoxeter, Nottingham conference, at the close of a cottage meeting held on the evening of December 10, 1905. Elder David A. Taylor performed the ceremony.

A very successful district meeting was held in Gillingham, Kent, London conference, Sunday, December 10. President Jesse W. Hoopes and five traveling Elders were present. The meetings were well attended by both Saints and friends.

THE IRISH CONFERENCE.

THE semi-annual Irish conference was held in the Whitehall Buildings, Ann Street, Belfast, on Sunday, December 10th, 1905. President Heber J. Grant and fourteen traveling Elders were present.

President Edward M. Rowe was in charge of the services. Before the sacrament was administered seven baptized believers were confirmed members of the Church. After devotional exercises President Rowe made a terse address of welcome and exhortation. The general and local authorities of the Church were presented and unanimously sustained. The statistical report was read by the clerk. It showed that in the two branches of the conference, having a membership of 198 souls, 61,019 tracts were distributed; 5,421 conversations obtained; 1,493 books disposed of; and 17 baptisms performed.

Elder Alonzo J. Marchant spoke briefly on the personality of God. Elder William R. Scott rehearsed a few of his experiences in the Church.

President Grant made a short talk. Perseverance was his theme. His remarks and personal experience verify the adage, "Never grow weary in well doing."

In the afternoon meeting Elders Edgar E. Hill and Benjamin J. Wood spoke briefly on Gospel principles.

President Grant commented on the characteristics of true Christians, and bore a strong and convincing testimony to the divine mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith.

There was a good attendance at the evening service. Elder Alexander Lindsay invited his conntrymen to look into the lives of the Latter-day Saints and the Gospel which they preach.

President Grant expressed his pleasure in meeting with the Irish people. He called attention to the order with which the Gospel has been preached for the last seventy-five years; referred to the restoration of the Gospel as a tree that has been transplanted; cited his hearers to the stability and growth of the Church; and told of many instances of divine healings to which he had been a witness.

The instructions which the Elders received from President Grant on Monday were commendable and certainly worthy of our acceptation.

Monday evening an enjoyable social was held in the return room of the Whitehall Buildings. Saints, Elders, and friends united in making it an appreciable event.

BENJAMIN J. WOOD, Clerk of Conference.

THE LEWELLEN FAMILY'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

BY ELDER NEPHI ANDERSON.

ELDER MARTIN was lost. Much as he disliked acknowledging the fact even to himself, the truth was plainly evident. He had lost his way in the black fog which rested as a pall over the city.

He had started out from his lodgings that afternoon to buy in for his Christmas dinner the next day. His companion had gone to visit some relatives in London, having received an invitation to spend a few days of the Christmas holidays with them. He did not like to leave Elder Martin alone, but the latter urged him to go, and so he was now alone—a stranger in a strange land that Christmas Eve.

Although the mills had closed down for the holidays, it seemed that the smoke from the forest of chimneys still hung over the city, as if loath to leave. The short winter afternoon soon turned to evening. The gas lamps were lit, and down the main streets the electric lights gleamed and sputtered.

Elder Martin had taken his time about making his purchases, and when he at length left the business section of the city to go back to his lodgings, he found that he was considerably out of his usual course. He walked about for some time trying to get his bearings, but the twists and turns of the streets seemed to twist and turn him until he was bewildered more than ever. For a time he took it good naturedly, realizing that even if he was lost, there was no harm in it. He rather enjoyed the sensation, as he wandered about from one street to another of the big, busy city—and then, the walk kept the sense of lonesomeness which weighed heavily on him from becoming too acute.

Feeling tired, he asked a policeman to direct him to the street where his lodgings were. He followed as best he could the directions of "the first turn to the right and the second to the left, and then keep straight ahead," but after fully an hour's walk, to his astonishment and vexation, he came back again to the point from which he had started.

But the young "Mormon" missionary was not to be beaten at such trifles. He started again, and got well out into the residential parts of the city. The smoke seemed to be mixed with a damp fog, and the darkness became intense. Traffic was stilled, and few people moved about. He asked for directions a number of times, but the persons he met did not know his street. The police seemed to have vanished with the daylight, as none were to be seen. Elder Martin stood at a street corner, speculating what direction he ought to take or what he ought to try next.

Then he walked slowly down a narrow street. He would have to knock at some door and make enquiries, but Elder Martin was yet timid, as he had been in England only three months, and he was not naturally a self-confident man.

From a house nearby came the sound of singing. Elder Martin stopped and listened, as the song was familiar to him. Girls' voices were singing Luther's Cradle Hymn:

"Away in a manger, no crib for His bed,
The little Lord Jesus lay down His wee head;
The stars in the heavens looked down where He lay;
The little Lord Jesus, asleep on the hay.
Asleep, asleep, asleep, the Savior in a stall,
Asleep, asleep, the Lord of all."

Elder Martin listened until the close of the song, then knocked on the door, which was presently opened by a pleasant-faced woman of over middle age. He stepped into the open doorway, by force of tracting habit.

"Pardon my disturbing you," he said; "but I, being somewhat a stranger in the city, have lost my way, and am trying to find someone that is able to help me to find it again."

The woman stood looking at the young man for a moment without replying. Then she said, "Come in—sit down," and handed him a chair. At a glance he took in the room and its occupants. The mother, evidently, was the central figure, and around her was her family of five children, ranging from a little girl to one who had attained to the years of womanhood. They were all very attentive to what the young man and the mother were saying, having turned from the piano, where they, no doubt, had been singing.

"I live at No. 14 Lethom Road" said the Elder. "Am I anywhere near it."

"You are at least two miles from Lethom Road," replied the mother, "as it is on the other side of the city."

"Well, I am indeed lost," he exclaimed.

"You may be a long way from home, sir, but, I hope, not lost. My boy will show you a tram that will take you home."

"I thank you very much;" and Elder Martin arose to go.

"Pardon me," said the woman, "but if you are not in a great hurry, I should like to ask you a few questions."

The young man sat down. He was pleased enough to stay, and as his busi-

ness was to talk to all who would listen to him, he never let an opportunity go by when he could get a hearing. Again, this house into which he had so strangely come seemed to him so cosy and home-like that he felt drawn to it. But what could be wanted of him? He was certainly a total stranger to them all.

"You are a preacher, aren't you—a preacher of the Gospel of Jesus?"

"Yes; I am a missionary," answered the astonished Elder.

"And you have come with good news for us—tidings of great joy—I know it, for you see, the Lord has shown it to me."

The woman's face beamed with a fervent joy, while the others looked strangely at her.

"You will think this is strange," she said, and she drew a chair up to the table and sat down; "but let me explain it to you. My name is Annie Lewellen, and these are my children. Their father died ten years ago, and we have all struggled along together until now. It has been hard, and now the mills are only running half time—but, pardon me, that isn't what I want to tell you about. For years I have been dissatisfied with what goes by the name of religion in this country. I have found no satisfaction in any of it. I have gone to churches and chapels. I have heard learned divines and fervid revivalists, but nowhere have I found that which satisfies me. They all seem so far from that which I read of in the Bible."

The girls took seats around the table and listened to the mother as keenly as did the visitor.

"My husband," she continued, "was not what the ministers call a religious man. He very seldom went to church, because he said he could not believe much that was preached; but he *was* a good man, was my husband, no matter what all the preachers in Christendom said to the contrary. Never a hard word, never a visit to the dram shop, always kind to me and the children. . . . But there, I'm rambling again. I have also given up going to church, but I don't feel at all right. I fear that we shall all grow up heathens. The truth must be somewhere, and we—I say we because my daughters have been with me—we have pleaded with the Lord that He would show us the right. About six weeks ago I dreamed of a young man coming in at the door just as you came in this evening. I thought he had a Christmas box under his arm, but on the box was written in plain letters 'Gospel.' He put the box on the table, opened it, and gave each of us a present. Maud"—turning to the oldest daughter—"did I not tell you of my dream at the time?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Well, this gentleman is the one I saw in my dream. I knew him the moment he entered the door."

Elder Martin moved his chair up to the table. Then from the inside pocket of his coat he took his Bible and placed it on the table. He thought not of the immediate errand that had brought him there. He forgot his loneliness. As he looked into the beaming eyes about him, his soul went out to the hearts yearning for consolation and hungering for the bread of life. And then a power came over him, a power that drove away fear or hesitancy, that made him master of the situation. They all watched him intently.

"This is Christmas Eve," said he, "and I will give to you all the most

beautiful Christmas present you have ever received. . . . I am a missionary, an Elder in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and my name is Martin. I have come from my home six thousand miles away to tell you of the restoration to the earth of the same Gospel that was preached by Christ and His disciples anciently—the Gospel that has power to bless and to save not only in the world to come, but to bring peace and joy into the life we are now living."

One of the girls placed some coals in the grate, and then came back to the table. Another turned up the gas. Elder Martin opened the Bible and began to teach them "as one having authority, and not as the scribes." Faith, repentance, baptism, the Holy Ghost—its office and operations—were explained and proved from the Scriptures. They all drank in his words eagerly. Even the smallest girl drew her chair up, and, resting her arms on the table, looked steadfastly into the face of the teacher—a face that glowed with the inspiration of the Spirit, for never before had the young Elder had such freedom in explaining the Gospel.

There was the most perfect quietness. No questions were asked, no objections were raised. Elder Martin touched lightly upon the apostasy, and then explained the need of a restoration. He described the Church of Christ with apostles and prophets, enjoying the gifts and blessings as the natural outgrowth of the Spirit of God operating within it. . . . "But I fear I am tiring you," he at last suggested.

"You are not, Elder Martin, go on. See how interested we all are. Are you tired, girls?"

There was a chorus of "No's."

Elder Martin looked at his watch. It was only eight o'clock. No one was waiting for him at his lodgings—besides, he was not lost now. Outside, the fog and the smoke might be ever so black, inside there was light, and peace, and love, and he felt contented and happy.

"My husband believed all that you have just told us," said the mother. "He used to talk to me about these principles, and he often wondered why the churches of to-day did not teach them."

"Well he might," was the reply, "but, you see, the falling away from the faith explains that. The world has been without the Gospel in its purity and power for hundreds of years, and it is the beautiful story of its restoration that I have been sent to tell."

"Tell us about it."

Then the simple yet sublime story of Joseph Smith's first vision was recited. He told them of the angels' visits, of the opening heavens, of the Hill Cumorah and its sacred contents, of the organization of the Church, and briefly, of its trials and persecutions.

"We are known to the world at large by the name of 'Mormons'" he said, as a concluding sentence, "but our true name is the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints."

The Elder noted carefully what effect this announcement would have on his listeners, for he had learned through experience what power a name has on the prejudices of men and women; but he noted with pleasure that they were not shocked by the announcement.

"I care not for the name," said the mother, "or what people say; what you have been telling us appeals to me as the truth—and the truth is what I want, no matter by what name it is called."

Elder Martin again suggested going, but they would not listen to it until he had had supper with them. "Our fare is very simple," was explained, "but you are welcome, very welcome, if you will stay."

Elder Martin thanked them. One of the girls took his coat, and he seated himself on the sofa out of the way of those who became busy with table and dishes. He coaxed the little girl to come and sit on his knee, and she soon became friendly with him. He told her of his own little girl at home across the sea, and they speculated what she might be doing that same Christmas Eve. Then the table was ready and they all surrounded it again.

"I have not introduced you to my family yet," said the mother. "This is Maud, the oldest." Elder Martin shook hands with her, and then also with Isabella, and Susan, and Willie—little Martha he knew already.

Tea was served to all, but the young man asked if he might have a cup of warm water instead. He flavored it with milk and sweetened it with sugar as the others did.

"Is this the family?" enquired the young man.

"Yes," replied the mother, "We are all here. So far, we have been able to keep together, thank the Lord—and, more than that, all my girls are good girls."

"Well, mother!" remonstrated Maud.

"Make no protest," said he. "Your mother knows, and it does not harm you to hear her say so. When I see the sin and degradation in this big city, I think you ought to be very grateful indeed that you have been protected from it."

In their talk around the table he learned that the three oldest girls were workers in one of the mills. The mother was housekeeper, and Martha and Willie went to school.

"I am a 'twister,'" explained one of the girls, "and I have to stand on one leg all day."

Elder Martin was nonplused at the remark, and the girl explained further that the nature of her work in the mill brought into play the lifted knee, first one and then the other as she went back and forth tying the broken threads. He was very much interested in her explanation, as also of those of the other girls who gave an account of their daily occupation in the mill.

Elder Martin's mission was to follow in the example of the great Master who went about doing good, and with the truth which he had and the priesthood which he bore, to bring the blessings of the Gospel to as many as would receive them. He was eager to give, but, strange as it may seem, the great difficulty was to find those who would accept. The more lives his life could touch, and by that touch impart to them some happiness, the fuller, the richer, the happier his own life became. That, no doubt, was the reason why he felt so very happy that Christmas Eve.

It was ten o'clock before he finally arose to go. Willie got his cap to go with him and show him the right car to take.

"When shall we see you again?" asked Mrs. Lewellen.

"I shall be pleased to call at any time," replied the Elder.

"Come and eat Christmas dinner with us to-morrow."

Elder Martin hesitated. Had he not in his capacious overcoat pockets the purchases for his own Christmas dinner!

"You say you are alone, so come and eat with us. It will be simple fare, but you will be welcome; and I have many questions to ask you."

"I will come if you will take the place of my house-keeper to-morrow. See, I have already made my purchases, and I don't want to be disappointed in my rice pudding. Are you going to have rice pudding to-morrow?"

"Well, we were not, but—"

"That was to be the chief course in my dinner," he said, as he placed some packages on the table. "If you will make me a big rice pudding, and put in plenty of raisins, I will promise to come. Is it a bargain?"

As none of the older girls answered immediately, little Martha spoke up: "I can make a pudding."

"Good," said he, and he lifted her on to a chair by the table. "Here, examine these and see if they will do."

He made a hole in the side of a bag, and out fell some raisins.

"Taste them," he admonished, "as he filled her hands. "I am a poor judge, but you, as an experienced cook, will be able to tell."

Martha tasted, and said they were good, and would do.

"But there isn't enough now. Willie here will go with me and we'll buy some more."

"No," spoke up the mother, "there will be plenty."

"It's a bargain then?"

"I suppose so," she said with a smile.

"All right; but before I go, sing again Luther's Cradle Hymn."

They gathered around the piano. Martha looked at Elder Martin with a peculiar expression on her face. He saw it and asked, "What is it, Martha?"

"I can't understand how you are a preacher."

"Why, how is that?"

"Well, you can't be a preacher—you are so different—an' besides, your collar doesn't button at the back."

Martha had not intended to be funny, and she could not understand why they all laughed at her.

"But if you are not a preacher, what shall I call you?" she continued.

"Call him Santa Claus," suggested Willie, who had also had a handful of raisins.

Then they all sang,

"Be near me, Lord Jesus, I ask Thee to stay,
Close by me for ever, and love me, I pray—"

Outside, the fog and smoke still filled the air. The top of each street lamp looked like a luminous cloud with a bright center; but its light did not penetrate far into the darkness. By the aid of the little boy Elder Martin soon found his way to the car that took him homeward. Although alone, he was no longer lonesome, for had he not the companionship of pleasant thoughts, and an assurance that he had brought the one great Christmas present to a home where it would be prized as the pearl of great price!

HUMILITY OF CHRIST.

Thou wast born of woman, Thou didst come,
O Holiest! to this world of sin and gloom,
Not in Thy dread Omnipotent array;
And not by thunder strewed
Was Thy tempestuous road;
Nor indignation burned before Thee on Thy way.
But Thee, a soft and naked child,
Thy mother undefiled,
In the rude manger laid to rest
From off her virgin breast.

The heavens were not commanded to prepare
A gorgeous canopy of golden air;
Nor stooped their lamps the enthroned fires on high;
A single silent star
Came wandering from afar,
Gliding unchecked and calm along the liquid sky;
The eastern sages leading on,
As at a kingly throne,
To lay their gold and odors sweet
Before Thy infant feet.

The earth and ocean were not hushed to hear
Bright harmony from every starry sphere;
Nor, at Thy presence, brake the voice of song
From all the cherub choirs,
And seraph's burning lyres,
Poured through the host of Heaven the charmed clouds along.
One angel troop the strain began;
Of all the race of man,
By simple shepherds heard alone
That soft Hosanna's tone!

SELECTED.

DIED.

ATKINSON.—At Winnepeg, Canada, November 12, 1905, while on a visit to her sister, Maud Isabella Atkinson, of Leeds, aged 26 years.

SLATER.—At Bury, Lancashire, December 3, 1905, Sarah Hanna Slater, aged 49, wife of Brother William Slater.

HOWES.—At Irlam, near Manchester, December 7, 1905, Joseph Eyre, infant son of Brother Edmund Howes.

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